

1604/4664.

A TRUE

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THOMAS JONES,

A TROOPER, lately return'd from
GERMANY;

AND

JOHN SMITH,

A SERJEANT in the
First Regiment of Foot Guards.

To which is subjoin'd,

A Second LETTER, taken from
The Constitutional Journal, concerning
MERCENARIES.

L O N D O N.

Printed for B. C. in *Pater-noster-Row*.
M.DCC.XLIII.

[Price Four Pence.]

1607/4664.





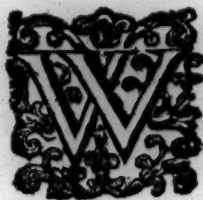
A TRUE
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THOMAS JONES, *a Trooper, lately
return'd from GERMANY; And*

JOHN SMITH, *a Serjeant in the First
Regiment of Foot Guards.*

Serjeant.



HAT, are you here,
Tom? Is it you?

Trooper. Yes, here I
am, all that's left of me.

Serj. Why, you seem to be as whole as
you went.

A 2

Troop.

Troop. Yes, I have 'scap'd scot-free, *Jack*; and yet, I can tell you, I was not one of the *Flinchers*.

Serj. But how came you here, *Tom*? are you discharg'd? We must have some Talk together.

Troop. Why, to tell you the Truth, *Jack*, I pick'd up some little Matter at *Dettingen*; and then perswaded my Officer to discharge me. But let's step in here, and take a Mug of Drink, and I'll answer all your Questions.

Serj. With all my Heart; as far as a Tea-ster goes, I am your Man: And we'll talk over the War; for I have seen as much Powder burnt out of *Hyde-Park* as another.

Troop. I know you have; why, you serv'd all the last War in *Flanders*, did not you?

Serj. All but the first Campaign. I list'd in 1703, in the same Regiment I am now in, and was a Serjeant at the Battle of *Malplaquet*. But, prythee, tell me, *Tom*, why you have quitted the Service?

Troop. 'Sblood, because no Man that has an *English* Heart in his Body could stay in it. Damn me, I'd rather be a Chairman here, and

and carry *Englishmen*, than be us'd so Abroad
by the *H-----ns*.

Serj. Ay, I hear those scoundrelly Dogs
made sad Work on't. I remember, in the last
War, they were never good for any thing.
But the † old Corporal knew them, and us'd
them as they deserved.

Troop. I am sure they were not us'd as
they deserv'd now; for they were well-
us'd: They had their Bellies full, while we
were starv'd; and the *English* could have
nothing, till the *H-----ns* were first serv'd.

Serj. What could your General mean by
that? For, to my Knowledge, he had seen 'em
run away in the last War; and why wou'd he
be so fond of 'em in this?

Troop. Our General ----- No, 'twas not
he; he wish'd 'em at the Devil as much as
we did. But, after *Somebody* came to the
Army, he had no more to do there than I.
He's a brave, experienc'd, old Officer; and,
if his Advice had been follow'd, there wou'd
not have been a Man left in the *French* Army
by this Time.

Serj. Why, who the Devil was General,
then?

† *The late Duke of Marlborough.*

Troop.

Troop. Not the Earl of *Stair*, I'm sure. For whatever he propos'd, was rejected. But there were two *H-----n* Generals, one General *Pumpkin* of the Horse, and *Ilton* of the Foot, who hinder'd the Guards from marching up to the Battle. They govern'd every Thing; and neither the Earl of *Stair*, nor any *E-----sh* Officer was ever consulted. You see he wou'd not stay in the Service neither; and it cou'd not be a little Matter that cou'd make him leave it in the Middle of a Campaign. The Duke of *Marlborough*, I hear, will follow his Example; and so must ev'ry one that has a Drop of *English* Blood in his Veins.

Serj. But what was the particular Reason of the Earl of *St--r's* quitting?

Troop. Every Reason in the World. He saw that the War was only made for the Sake of the *H-----r Troops*; and that there was to be no fighting on Account of the *H-----r Troops*. They were only to be paid, and not expos'd. They were to insult us, starve us, and disgrace us, which he would not bear, and so threw up like a Man of Honour.

Serj. By the Way, while I think on't, Prithee, *Tom*, is it true that *Somebody* wore the *Yellow Scarf* that Day, and threw away the *Red* one which was brought him.

Troop.

Troop. True! ----- Yes, as sure as a Gun, for I saw it myself.

Serj. Why, that's just for all the World, as if I should upon a Review-Day wear, instead of this *Red Sash*, the Leather Apron I used to wear at Home before I came into the Service.-----But now we talk of the Service, pray why did not you pursue Monsieur *Ragou* after the Battle?

Troop. Why, Faith, that's more than I can tell you: All I know is, our *English* General was for it; and if we had, not a Man of 'em could have escaped. The Earl of *Stair* sent Orders twice for twelve Squadrons of *H-----n* Horse, and twelve of *English* to pursue the *French*: But the *H-----r* Officer refused as often to obey the Order of any *Englishman*.

Serj. Damn him; he ought to have been shot for Mutiny; you or I should for half as much.-----But why did not the twelve Squadrons of *English* pursue 'em?

Troop. Because, just as they were going, Somebody in a *Yellow Scarf* came up and forbid 'em, saying, *There was Blood enough spilt already*, and that he wou'd have no more.

Serj.

Serj. 'Oons, what's a Battle for but to spill Blood? But, you say, *Somebody* in a *Yellow Scarf* came up.-----Why, where had he been all the while? Was'nt he in the Battle?

Troop. No, no. He was in the Wood with the *Right*, who were never engag'd.

Serj. So the *Yellow Scarf* was in no Danger of being the worse for wearing that Day.

Troop. No, except from the Cannon; for there was not one Musket-Shot fir'd there.

Serj. Why did not you carry your Sick and Wounded off the next Day, instead of leaving 'em to the Mercy of Monsieur?

Troop. Because we were in too much Haste to get out of Harm's Way: Besides, we were so hungry we cou'd not stay; we had hardly eat for three Days.

Serj. Then, why the Devil did you get into a Place where you cou'd have no Provisions. It was your *English* General, by-the-way, that carry'd you to *Aschaffenburg*.

Troop. No, but it was not.----He had cross'd the *Mayne* at another Place, where the River behind us, had secur'd Provisions; and he

he intended to have attack'd the *French* there ; as he could have done to great Advantage. But he received Orders from *H-----r* to come back, and to go to *Aschaffenburg*. Then, as soon as *Somebody* came there, all the Contracts were taken out of his Hands, and he had nothing more to do.

Serj. When you marched from *Aschaffenburg*, had your General no Intelligence that the *French* were passing the *Mayne* at *Sellingenstad* to intercept you ?

Troop. From the Time that *Somebody* came up to the Army, you must not call the Earl of *St--r* our General.-----For he had no more to do in the Army from that Day than I had. He knew nothing of our March to *Dettingen*, and the Command was given to a younger Officer, and a *Foreigner* too. ----Lord *St--r* was in his Coach all the Time of the March, till he heard the *French* were coming to attack us, and then he immediately got on Horseback, and made that *Order of Battle* which fav'd us.

Serj. You expected to be attack'd in your Rear, didn't you, by the *French* passing at *Aschaffenburg* ; and therefore the *Guards* were in the Rear ?

B

Troop.

Troop. No; by that very Thing, I believe, we did not expect it: For the *H-----r* Guards were there too, who, to be sure, were to be spar'd; and they were all commanded by General *Il-n*, who, it soon appear'd, was either resolv'd, or order'd, to preserve 'em, as he call'd it; for they might have come up Time enough for the Battle, if he had pleas'd: The Duke of *Marlborough* press'd it, and all our Countrymens Fingers itch'd to be at 'em: But General *Il-n* swore they shou'd'nt, and told the Duke he was his Commanding Officer.

Serj. But pray, if it was pretended that we expected to be attack'd in the Rear, Why was the Command of the Rear left to a *H-----n* Officer? Had not we *English* Officers enough?

Troop. Ay, *English* Officers enough, ----- to be sure; but the *English* were not thought fit for any Thing. And it was always contrived that the *H-----n* Officers should have the Command of every Thing.----Why that was the Reason, as I was told, why the *H-----ns* had so much a larger Staff of General Officers, than ever mercenary Troops us'd to have; so that a very little Contrivance might always give them the Command.

Serj. This is very fine indeed. So we pay Troops to Command and Insult us, not obey us.
Troop.

Troop. Ay, to insult us with a Vengeance
 -----The *H-----ns* would have taken away
 the Duke of *Marlbrough's* Quarters from
 him one Day, tho' they were set out for him
 by the Quarter-Master-General.

Serj. But he did not give them up, I hope.

Troop. No, he ordered his Men to fire up-
 on the Dogs if they persisted.

Serj. That was right. And I dare say they
 went away then.

Troop. Ay, Ay, talk but of firing, and
 they'll go off sooner than their Pieces. If we
 were but allowed to talk to 'em in that Way,
 they'd be humble enough.

Serj. They must certainly be sure of Pro-
 tection, or they would not be so fancy.

Troop. Yes, and so they are. A *H----n*
 Soldier may better steal a Horse, than an *En-
 glish* Officer look over the Hedge. The Day
 after the Battle, the *Prevost* was order'd to
 hang up immediately any *English* Soldier that
 he should find a Thousand Paces from the
 Camp; while the *H-----s* marauded as much
 as they pleas'd. Nay, the *Prevost* did not
 dare to report of any *H-----ns*.-----The *En-
 glish* Troops were not even thought worth
 review-

reviewing; and the Review always stop'd at the End of the *H-----n* Line; and *Prince Charles of Lorrain*, when he came to us, was told the *English* were so shabby, they were not worth seeing; but he would see 'em, and he lik'd 'em too.

Serj. By God, there's no bearing all this from such a Parcel of Scrubs, who never could bear to look their Enemies in the Face; and who this Time were afraid even of their Arses, and did not so much as dare to pursue 'em; when they were running away. Pray how did the *English* Officers bear all this?

Troop. Why, how could they help themselves! They were us'd as ill as the Soldiers, and were never spoke to.-----But I believe there are many of them that won't serve any more, if the *H-----ns* are continued,----at least they said so.

Serj. But at this Rate, the *H-----ns* can't be kept any longer.

Troop. God knows what the Parliament will do; but this I'm sure of, that 'tis impossible for them; and the *English* to make another Campaign together.

Serj.

Serj. If they do, I hope the *English* will fall upon them first, and thresh 'em well; and then beat the Enemy afterwards.

Troop. You may depend upon that; for all the *English* Soldiers are resolv'd, if they are to have them another Year, to make the Camp too hot to hold 'em.

Serj. They'll serve 'em right; and that's easily done, for they won't stand much Fire. ----- They lost us the Battle of *Landen* by running away, in King *William's* War. Then they lost us *Landau*, in the Beginning of the last War, by refusing to march under the Prince of *Hesse*, to relieve it. And they run away so damnably at the Battle of *Malplaquet*, that *Orkney's* Regiments fir'd on 'em, and kill'd God knows how many of the Scoundrels. If you are to have 'em next Year, give 'em but one *Platoon*, and it will be in Nobody's Power to keep 'em.

Troop. That will certainly happen to 'em. For no *English* Spirit can bear such Usage. I have not told you half the Preference that was shew'd to those damn'd Troops, nor half the Affronts that were put upon the *English*. it would make your Blood boil within you.

Serj. Why then ----- Here's Confusion to 'em ---- this Year in Parliament. You'll pledge me, I'm sure.

Troop.

Troop. Ay, with all my Heart; and I don't see how any *Englishman* can vote for 'em. ----- By Jove, if I was in Parliament, and had a Regiment, I would lose it sooner than vote for 'em, and so will ev'ry Officer in Parliament, I believe---at least if he would shew his Face in the Army afterwards. I am sure any *English* Officer that votes for 'em, will be hooted all along the Line, and call'd MYN-HEER HOCH DEITCH.

Serj. Then 'tis to be hop'd we shall get rid of 'em.

Troop. Ay, one Way or another; for if the Parliament won't, the Army will.

Serj. They say, you had an *E-----l* M----- in the Army, that promoted all his.

Troop. Ay, he was the Ringleader of it all; he talk'd *German*, dress'd like a *German*, and drank like a *German*: We call'd him the *Hanover* Hero; for he preserv'd himself, all the Time of the Battle, with the baggage, and would not so much as take one look at the Fire; but was confoundedly frightened, and sent over and over for more guards for the Baggage, tho' he could get ne.

Serj,

Serj. He must be mightily belov'd by the *English* Soldiery, to be sure.

Troop. Ay, as the Devil loves Holy Water, as they say.

Serj. 'Sblood! you have put me in such a Passion, that I have a great Mind to burn this brazen-fac'd *Hanover* Cap; for, if we should go Abroad, they'd take us for *H-----ns*.

Troop, Not if you stood it, as I dare say you would.

Serj. Come, here's my Service to you. --- You hear I am called to the Guard.--- We shall meet another Time.



A L E T T E R, taken from *The
Constitutional Journal.*

SUCH is the Capriciousness of human Nature, such the Effects of Chance, or rather such the Care of Providence, that the most unlikely Circumstances, sometimes, conspire in one Point, to produce Effects, which the most Sanguine could not have hop'd for, or the most Skilful have contriv'd.

Trifles will sometimes affect, where great Objects don't strike; and Insults will often rouse; where Injuries won't provoke. But whatever be the Cause, thanks be to God, the Effect exists with Regard to a certain Electorate, whose petty Interest has, for near thirty Years, been the sole Spring of all our Measures, the sole Object of our Expence, and the sole Cause of, at least, two Thirds of our present National Debt. *Hanover* has at last met with *Milo's* End,

Wedg'd in the Timber that it strove to rend.

All Eyes are now open'd, Imprudence and Insolence have done the Work of Reason; and the famous *Hanover-Rudder* has broke in the guilty Hands that undertook to steer, by it, the Vessel of *Great-Britain*: The foaming Prophet has foretold

foretold his own unhappy Fate, and the Moment
is now come,

*Magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactumq;* —————

Let us now trace this Event a little upwards.

When the Apostate Patriots were at Length
receiv'd into the Land of Promise, which they
had so long panted after ; where Necessity, not
Favour had introduc'd 'em; where they found
themselves as unwelcome, as they were soon
found unable ; detested by their old Friends, dis-
trusted by their new ones, and abhorred by their
Prince; equally lost to Virtue or Reputation, they
determin'd to purchase Favour at least, of which,
they thought, they knew the Price, and to out-
bid the late Minister.

Accordingly, they swore true and due Alle-
giance to the Electorate, and engaged to sacrifice
the most solid Interests of *Great-Britain*, to the
most trifling Views of that hungry, weak, but rest-
less Corner of the *North*. And, whereas, the late
Minister, had only sacrific'd to that Idol, as to
an Infernal Deity, in all the Silence, Gloom, and
Horror of the Night, they generously engag'd,
that *English* Hecatombs should publicly bleed
at its Shrine, that its Worship should become the
establish'd National Worship; and that, the PRIN-
CES, the GOVERNORS, and CAPTAINS, the

TREASURERS, the COUNSELLORS, the SHERIFS, and all the RULERS of the Provinces, should bow their Knee before it, as unto the Golden Image, which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up.

Hereupon 16,000 *Hanoverians* were forthwith taken into the Pay, for I can't say into the Service of *Great-Britain*, without the previous Knowledge or Consent of Parliament. An immense Sum was allow'd for Levy-Money, tho' they had been rais'd two Years before, and that singly for the Views of the Electorate. And a large and unheard of Staff, for Mercenaries, was allow'd for Reasons, which Time has since discover'd; namely, that in Case of their Junction with the *British* Troops, a little Management might always secure the Command to the Electoral Officers. But it were endless to enter into all the enormous Particulars of this extravagant Contract; and I chuse to refer my Readers to the *Case of the Hanover Troops*, and the *Vindication of it*, publish'd last Year.

When this Affair came to be laid before the Parliament, it was indeed carried, but it is well known with what Difficulty and Unwillingness: Varnish'd over as it was, with the various Pretences of *Danger*, *Necessity*, the Queen of *Hungary*, the *Balance of Power*, &c. it went heavily, and the old Court Party curs'd both the Situation, and the Men that oblig'd them to support it: They

They thought their Opposition to it might affect their late Patron, whom they really lov'd, and give those they detested some Advantages, somewhere, which they were not desirous to procure them: And those who thought the worst of the Measure, look'd upon it only as a pecuniary Compliment, which would have no further Consequences than the Money it cost. Many other Reasons too occur'd in the then Situation of Affairs, to carry this Matter through; but I believe I may venture to affirm, that, had what has since happened been then foreseen, or even thought possible, the Majority would have been much more considerable against it, than it was for it: And every Body now sees, with Pleasure, that all those Prudential and Political Considerations, have given Way to a true Sense of National Honour, and generous *English* Indignation.

As soon as it appear'd the MERCENARIES we paid, were to be the MASTERS we must obey; when their VIEWS were to direct our Motions, and their FEARS to check our Victories; the *British* General, bred up in Camps, where *British* Views, supported by *British* Valour, had been crown'd with deserv'd Success; ever watchful over the Interest, and jealous of the Honour of his Country, soon disdain'd, and quitted the inglorious Post, which he found, he only nominally held; and, regardless of his private Circumstances, sacrific'd the great Profits he might have enjoy'd,

joy'd, to the Character he was determin'd to maintain. How great, how insupportable must have been the Insults, and Provocations, which could reduce this noble Person, in the middle of a Campaign, in a Cause, in which he has ever been eminently zealous, belov'd and confided in by his Army, to withdraw to a private Station, as to the only Post of Honour?

His Example, as it was natural it should, both animated and authoriz'd the same Sentiments, in the Breast of almost every *English* Officer, and Soldier: They shar'd his Wrongs, they felt, they told their own, and our Auxiliary Mercenaries, who had always been the Contempt, became the Objects of the Indignation, and Resentment of the whole *British* Army,

A noble Duke, who's Name does Honour to the Profession of a Soldier, and who's Passion for it had distinguish'd him; has lately distinguish'd himself much more, by following the glorious Example of his General, and quitting that Military Command, where, seeking for Honour, he only found Disgrace; and where, hoping to serve his Country, he perceiv'd he was only to sacrifice its Interests.

It is impossible to doubt the good Effect these great Examples must have, and of the Indignation they must excite, in the Breasts of every
Englishman,

Englishman, especially of those Representatives of this Nation in Parliament, who by their Votes, last Year, gave Occasion to these Proceedings; I easily imagine their Impatience to do themselves and their Country Justice this Session, by putting a distinguish'd Mark of Censure upon the unforeseen Consequences of their Conduct in the last; and effectually preventing the like for the future. And whatever People may say of Complaisance; or Corruption, they have their Bounds, like all other human Virtues and Vices; and the Bow, be it of what it will, when too much strain'd, will break: The most Complaisant, the most Corrupt are *Englishmen* still, and will show themselves such, when the Question (as it does now) comes to be a clear one, Whether their Country is to be any longer INDEPENDENT, or to be declar'd TRIBUTARY, both of its Treasure and its Blood, to the last and least Electorate of the Empire.

Were it even possible, that the mistaken and precarious Interest of an Employment, could have any Weight, against the more solid and permanent Interest which every Individual has in the Freedom and Independency of his Country, two short Reflections, I should think, would decide that Doubt. *Defendit Numerus* is a known and true Observation. *Defendet Numerus*, would, in this Case, be as true a Prediction. Besides, the Cause is too bad, and too tender, to make MARTYRS in. In the next Place, can the most Interested

rested be SURE that those who were themselves most unwillingly forc'd into those Measures, and who *must* SEEM to promote 'em, will be obliged to them for their Concurrence? And do not Cases sometimes arise, where those who must seem to endeavour, really *wish* not to prevail, and where *Refusal* may be more welcome than *Compliance*?

Every body knows the guilty Quiver from whence these envenom'd Shafts fly; every body knows the Marksman who aims them at our Vitals; let every body then help to strip them of their Feathers, and so weaken the Hand that throws them; at least hold up a Parliamentary Shield, Proof against their Points.

Attendance, alone, is sufficient for all these Purposes, and, if ever any Crisis requir'd it, This does. The *real Interest* of the King and his Royal Family, as well as the Interest of the Nation, call for Attendance, call for Attention. If a great *Roman* justly appeal'd from *Cæsar* ill-inform'd, to *Cæsar* better inform'd, how much more justly shall a Parliament of *Great Britain* appeal from an Elector of *Hanover* ill-inform'd, to a King of *Great Britain* well-inform'd? nay, how essentially is it their Duty and their Interest to inform him?

Such were the Sentiments of that truly *British* Parliament, which refus'd to King *William* the Continuance of his *Dutch* Blue Guards, which
he

he so earnestly solicited, and so ardently wish'd. He was, at that Time, justly reckon'd our Deliverer from Popery and Slavery : That Regiment was a Regiment of experienc'd Valour, and in the Service of a Sovereign State, whose Interests were united with ours : Their Number was small, the Expence would consequently have been so too : But it was look'd upon as an Indignity to this Nation, that their Prince should have any Guards but *Englishmen* : It was wisely foreseen too, that the probable Partiality, which would be shown to those Troops, might contribute to alienate the Affections of the *British* Army from his Majesty, damp their Zeal, and check their Ardour, in the Cause of their Country. They were therefore refus'd by a considerable Majority, of that Parliament, not of *Jacobites*, but of Persons in *Employments*, well affected to the King, and the most zealous Supporters of the then *recent* Revolution.

The present Case is, in every Particular, much stronger ; and can it be suppos'd that the present Parliament is less an *English* Parliament than that ? I cannot, I will not think it ; and therefore, without adding any more Arguments, I will only offer these few *Queries* to our Representatives, with Regard to their Conduct, in this important Session, which will, one way or another, make this Parliament immortal, in the Annals of this Country.

Will you vote for 16,000 Mercenaries, at double the Expence that these same Mercenaries were engag'd at in the late War, and before the Electorate of *Hanover* was united to the Crown of *Great Britain*?

Will you vote for Troops, distinguish'd in *Europe* by the most flagrant Marks of Pusillanimity, on the most important Occasions, and with the most fatal Consequences?

Will you vote for Troops that are to INSULT and COMMAND your own; whose DOMESTIC VIEWS are to direct your Operations, and whose FEARS are to frustrate your Victories?

Will you, in order to carry on a War, vote for Troops, now become absolutely INCOMPATIBLE with your own, who can never, again, be in the SAME CAMP or Army with the *British*, without making that Camp the Theatre of CONFUSION and BLOODSHED?

Will you give a Vote that must BREAK THE SPIRIT, or EXCITE the FURY of that great National Army you maintain at so vast an Expence, and make yourselves the DETESTATION of THAT ARMY?

Lastly, Will you forfeit the Names of *ENGLISHMEN* for ever?

F I N I S

